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NOTE.

apart for that special purpose, and experienced married, and well married, before I die.

men at the head of this department insures may be for you, and we will be dearest wish of my heart. Mr. Belmont happy. For, although money is a good have met at last."

must go to bed without my supper.

An arab came to the river side, With a doukey bearing an obelisk; But he would not try to ford the tide, For he had too good an *.

THE PRINTER'S POINTS.

So he camped all night by the river side, And remained till the tide had cease swell,

For he knew, should the donkey from life
subside,

He would never find its ||.

-{Salem Sunbeam. In the morning he sought to ford the tide, When the donkey stopped of the water to quaff; The rider fell off, let the obelisk slide,

Thus affording a newspaper ¶.

—[Rome Sentinel. But in the eye, when the tide was low,
And the soft had set on the vegetation;
He stirred up the mule and made it go,
Nor was he stopped by an 2.

- {Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

Soon they reached their journey's end, The mule was frisky under the lash; And while the girls looked brightly on, The mule and master cut a — .

— [Philadelphia Evening News.

And when the man got off the mule, He looked so charming and so grand;
Each girl a leap year privilege took,
And begged him to accept her £#.

—[Monthly Union.

He thought it was against the rule

For, a girl to pop the question;
So he sank his spurs into the nule,
And quickly left that §.

—[Centre Democrat.

The girls then cursed the man on mule,
Because he had "vamosed" the place;
Instead of waiting while each one
Could give him a fond em——.
[The Hatchet.

THE ROSE AND THE PO PY.

"Stand apart," said the rose, "and taint not The sweetness I throw on the air; What art thou to man, that thou claimest His garden with me to share?

"I soothe him with beauty and odors, I recall the loved one's face; I am Love's own chosen emblem, The painter's symbol of grace.

"But thou, in thy sickly whiteness, Or hus of blood fresh spent — What hast thou to offer the Master, That he should forgive thy scent."

"I bring," said the popy yawning, "The gift man longs to possess, That he racks the world in seeking I bring him forgetfulness.

"Canst thou cancel pain with thy beauty Oh, rose! with the prickly thorn? I can, and therefore the Maker Chose me to grow with the corn

Sang a sweet girl girl voice; and a lovely, laughing face peeped out from a her father's papers was found a letter vine-wreathed window. A face of rich, addressed to Nita; a letter which nearly tropical beauty, with dusky velvety broke her heart. It told her (trying, eyes, and a wealth of raven hair float- but in vain, to soften the blow) that she above they have clean, bright wheat ing in a perfumed cloud to the slender | lad no right to the name of Valdez. waist, while two small hands, glittering That her mother was not the lawful wife with diamonds scattered a shower of of the old general, and that Nita was fragrant yellow rose-leaves upon the

pavement below. The shower of gold fluttered down, descending full into the faces of two men ter) "With Him I have my punishwho were coming slowly up the street. One, with iron-gray hair and bearda tall, soldierly man, whose every move-

as a Greek god. Both glanced upward and removed

"Nita, you fairy! come down." "Coming, papa!" cried the sweet will be for your happiness! voice; and the little white-robed figure "I will never do it!" cried

disappeared from the vine-wreathed A moment more and the street door

swung open; the two men entered the old-fashioned mansion, and the elder man turned to the girl: "Nita, my dear," he began, "this is my young friend, Floyd Warfield."

The girl extended her little hand, and for a moment the eyes of the young man met hers; she turned away. "I am happy to meet my father's friend," she said gracefully; "his friends are always mine!" Floyd Warfield bowed.

"I trust that I shall always be worthy of the honor," he returned. "I consider it an honor to be the friend of General

An hour passed most agreeably, and when at last Warfield arose to go, Nita Valdez could not conceal from her own heart the truth that, for the first time in ly, and a great change crept over his her life she was interested deeply in one of the opposite sex.

Her father was a general in command of the troops stationed at that Southern town, and Nita-his motherless daughter-was always with him; and, of course, had been brought in contact with scores of eligibles, but she had always been so indifferent that her father to willingly marry a woman who ishad begun to think that she would never care Nor anyone, and he had brought this fascinating stranger into her presence without a shadow of fear for the

The next day General Valdez sent for his daughter to come to the library.

She found her father quite grave and pale, awaiting her. "Nita," he said kindly, "I have been

Mr. Belmont has asked your hand in marriage!" She recoiled with a low cry. "Mr. Belmont, papa!" she queried; "that old man? It is impossible—

quite!"

General Valdez arose to his feet, and faced her with stern, angry eyes. "Old or young you must marry him, Nita!" he returned. "You know that I met that scoundrel Belmont, and he I have only my pay as an officer of the told me all! I came here at once! Nita difference, as this car has double winregular army, and, my child, I have not -little love! thank God that you have dows and not a breath of air can possilong to live. I am seventy years old, been saved from so fearful a sacrifice- bly get through the one that is still and besides, I have organic disease of a sacrifice which no parent has a right down.' ORDERS, having a portion of our store set the heart which will certainly end my to exact from a child! And I shall alapart for that special purpose, and experienced life before very long. I must see you ways thank God for giving you to me,

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and he is very wealthy." "Papa, I cannot-cannot! Do not

General Valdez gazed earnestly into his daughter's face.

cannot imagine what has altered you in | the best! this way!'

She turned away, and a crimson flush stained her cheek, but she said nothing. "Mr. Belmont will be here next her father's cold, impassive month.' that you give him an affirmative answer. By the way," he added ab-ruptly, "young Warfield dines with us is my private secretary now-and really quite a superior person for his station. Treat him politely, Nita!"

She murmured something, and then understood it all; like a flash it came to her-her own shrinking from the very thought of marriage with Mr. Belmont. Floyd Warfield!

"I will never mary old Belmont!" Here her argument ended; for she

experience which had come into it. She dressed herself with unusual care, flowever, and in a filmy robe of black Spanish lace with blood-red roses, her

only ornament, she was wondrously Floyd Warfield could not keep his eves from the levely face. They passed an hour or two in each other's society, and when they parted he wore one of the red roses in his button-hole, and had promised to call the next evening. Nita's aunt, who chaperoned her, was an easy, good-natured woman. Looking upon young Warfield as a mere nobody, it never occurred to her that there was any danger in this companionship; so the two drifted on down the stream, and days passed, and they awoke at last to the knowledge of a mutual love. The declaration made involuntarily, Warfield lost no time in seeking an intetview with the old general. He was received with insult and contumely, and contemptuously ordered

were parted. The very next day General Valdez fell from his horse dead. Disease of the heart had done its work, and poor Nita was fatherless. But that was not the worst blow in store for her. Among nameless.

no alternative; and Nita and her lover

"God in heaven alone knows my re gret and remorse.' (so ran the the letment; but for years I have carried my miserable secret in my heart, like a worm which has eaten my life away. ment betrayed his calling. The other Nita, marry Mr. Belmont, and all this —young, slight, blonde, and handsome sorrow will be obviated. He need never sorrow will be obviated. He need never know the truth. You, my darling, are blameless, and pure, and innocent. It their hats, while the elder man cried is not just that you should suffer for the sins of your wretched parents. Become this man's wife, and my last prayer

"I will never do it!" cried Nita firm "I will never marry any man with such a guilty secret on my conscience! I will send for Mr. Belmont, show him papa's letter, and listen to his decision!" So Mr. Belmont, being sent for, arrived, He was conducted to the great gloomy library, where a slim, blackrobed little creature with a marble white face, and great pathetic eyes met him. Mr. Belmon was a well-preserved, rather pompous man of sixty with keen gray eyes, and a flowing beard. He bustled forward and took Nita's little

cold hand. "It is unnecessary to say how deeply I deplore your great loss!" he began at once; "and believe me, Miss Valdez. I am always your friend-sincere and true. Nothing can alter that!"

For answer she laid her father's letter in his hand. Mr. Belmont read if slow- know I had caught him in it." wrinkled face. He folded it slowly, and returned it to the girl, a moody light in gentle face, "run out and play and I his keen grav eyes.

"Really-I-I am profoundly sorry, as well as surprised!" he said in a cold, stroy his son's confidence inhis verpassionless tone; "but of course, Miss acity." (ah)-Nita, you cannot expect any man with family pride and name to uphold,

"Nameless!" interpolated Nita. "Very well, sir! I have followed my father's directions, and I have found out your true nature. I have only to say good-morning, Mr. Belmont!"

And the millionaire was bowed out of the room before he searcely realized it. As soon as Nita was alone, then all her pride and self-possession gave way, thinking of your future, and, my child, and throwing herself into a seat, she wept long and bitterly. She did not hear the door of the room open, nor the footstep on the carpeted floor. Somebody stooped and removed the hands which covered her tear-stained face and

a pair of lips were pressed against hers. "Nita-darling!" cried Floyd War-field, "look up and tell me that you love me, and will be my precious wife! Nita!

is a good man-he loves you dearly, thing and a great blessing in its proper George Bancroft, the historian, divides

place, yet, love is best!" And, in all the long years which have come and gone since then, Floyd Warfield and his happy wife, walking down life's hill, band in hand, still believe "You were always obedient, Nita!" (and so do I!) that, although wealth is he observed, a little less sternly. "I a pleasant possession, love, true love, is

TOO MANY POARDERS.

"My dear," said a fond father to his youngest daughter, "come, hither and sit by me while I whisper a few words voice went on slowly; "it is my desire in your shell-like ear. List to my gentle voice as it goeth out to you in firm but kindly tones. I observe with deep feelings of regret that John Henry continues to-day. A very good sort of a boy; he his visits here four nights in each week, and I observe with still deeper feelings of regret that you encourage these visits. Nay, do not shake your head, Mary Jane, for you meet him with smiles, and hastened to her own chamber. She it is not in woman's nature to smile and smile and be unwillin' still. Give the sombre-hued past one searching glance, Mary Jane. A few brief years ago your Sudden as it all was, Nita Valdez loved eldest sister, Ann Elizabeth, brought home on the eye of a sunlit day a blushjoyous couple returned from their wedding tour they took my room, while I dared not coniess, even to her own and your mother moved to the attic. heart, the new, strange and delightful Next Francis Eugenia brought home a clinging, fragile youth of dyspeptic mould and humorous cast of countenance, and I had to plaster the room over the summer kitchen. And only a few short months ago, when the last set of twins came, I was obliged to build an addition to the south end. I feel now, my beloved daughter, that I must protest against a further increase of family, except by the hand of Providence. As much as I would like to see

you happily wed ded I cannot consent to take John Henry out of the cold. There is no room to build another addition, and your fond parents are growing too aged and infirm to sleep in the wood-shed loft. John Henry is doubtless an attractive youth, but there is no vacancy for him in the domicile."

LINSEED MEAL FOR MILCH COWS.

A dairyman who had tried linseed cake meal says he obtained two one hundred pound sacks. They cost on board cars at Cleveland \$1 33 each. from the house. Of course, there was The sacks alone are worth all they cost (thirteen cents) for any purpose, and are a pretty fair sack for grain.

Now for the trial. Our cows had been 'ed regularly all winter on frosted and soft corn, having all the oat straw they wanted. We mixed the linseed meal, one part bran, and fed this mixture at the rate of from four to six quarts a day, at two feeds for each cow, in the form of slop. In addition to the straw out of the barn. least one quart more milk from each Hawthorne says: "Though Hawthorne cow within twenty-four hours from the was humility itself in his estimate of time of the commencement of the linseed meal, and the milk ten per cent. under the influence of his muse, not all richer in cream, the butter taking on a yellow tinge, showing conclusively the times could have made him swerve by healthfulness of the feed. Our cows so much as a hair's breadth from the also look better than they ever did in the month of March.

I find linseed meal very good for horses. I have been feeding it mixed as above, four quarts a day, morning and night, fed dry, for one horse, in addition to about half feed of corn. This may not be the best way, but I find it a strengthening and cooling feed for

ANXIOUS FOR FATHER.

"Mamma," said a small boy." you believe everything papa says?" "Of course, my child," replied the mother, with wifely pride.

"Everything, mamma?" "Yes, dear, everything." "Well, I don't."

"Hush, you wicked boy; you musn't talk so. What did your papa ever say that you couldn't believe?

"You know that widow on the next square, who always looks so sour at us 'You mean that pretty Mrs. Bonton?'

"She's the one. I heard papa tell her yesterday that she was the sweetest roman in town, and then he gave her a bunch of flowers, and it made me so ashamed to hear him tell such a story that I ran away and wouldn't let him

and I was always made to feel that his "That will do, my child," said the mother, with a peculiar look in her will tell your father when he comes in that he must be particular not to de-

THEY HAD MET AT LAST.

"There," she said, as she raised a window in a Pullman car the other day; ment than to lessen my estimate of his "now I can breathe. The air in this car is stifling. Why don't they have better ventilation. If I couldn't sit next to an open window I believe I manifestation of his character; perhaps should die." Presently a slender female sitting the immediate action of his spirit, in a

directly back leaned over and asked spiritual plane; whereas in other mather if she would not just as leave close ters it acted through his material part, that window now, as the draft was more in the physical plane. But there is than she could stand. "No, madam, I shall not close this tions." window. I could not live with it down.

I was just thinking how delightful it was with it open; now you want it shut; but I shall not shut it; so there." "Then you are a selfish thing, and shall have to change my seat.' Just then a gentleman sitting close by reached over and said, "Ladies, that window being raised makes no

Then the one that had raised the window turned to the other and, with a never knew the real hideousness of the

A NOTABLE FIGURE IN WASHINGTON.

torf. He has a beautiful home at Newport and another in Washington. He States annually. From these we learn said the poet as he affixed another has no children of his own, but his wife, that more money is annually spent for stanza in his poem. who was a widow when he married her, strong drink than for both bread and has several, one of them being Col. meat; more than three times as much Bliss, the well-known politician - al- as for all the building materials of all thoug's, like everybody else, he would kinds; more than one-and-a-half time young lady for chewing spruce. no doubt indigitantly deny t'e imputa- as much as for all clothing, including tion. Mr. Bancroft enjoys the dis- hats, boots and shoes; more than ten tinction of being the only private individual who has the privilege of the floor the building and repair of school-houses of the Senate. This is not granted him in view of the former prominent official and books for pupils; more than 180 heard of," said the boy to his mother; in view of the former prominent official times as much as for all religious teachpositions he has held, having been Min- ing, and the amount thus squandered yet blame me for losing it." ister to England, but as a mark of res- would pay the entire National debt in- "Shall I play "Over the garden wall?" pect for him "personally. President side of two years. And then this asked the organ-grinder. "No," re-Arthur recognizes that the venerable enormous sum does not include the loss historian is entitled to be treated with caused incidentally of time and health, would play over in the other street." more than common consideration, as or the expense of supporting the paupers among the first invitations to dinner he and punishing the criminals, over ninereceived was one from Mr. Bancroft, who tenths of whom, these statistics show, added that he feared official etiquette are legitimately chargeable to this terriwould prevent the President from accept- ble traffic. Nor does it show the utter ing it. President Arthur replied in a little note saying that official etiquette want and wretchedness, and untold suffering, misery and anguish of the comallowed him to dine with Cabinet of panions and little ones of the victims of ing husband and they still occupy our ficers, foreign Ministers, Senators and— this curse. One cannot but wonder she stormed, as she paced up and down parlor chamber' Then Catherine Maria Mr. George Bancroft. Mr. Bancroft is that we, as a people, are as prosperous the pretty room; "he is old, and hate- became a happy bride and when the now about 85 years old, and carries his as we are, and we tremble for the future, age wonderfully. He has a profusion of unless we put away this great iniquity, give the twenty-five cents worth of camwhite hair and beard, which makes the Oh, what a prosperous and happy children call him Santa Claus. Some people we would be, if this terrible years ago, when he was first mellowed drain upon our vitality was only stopped; with age, he was rather youthful and if the money now worse than wasted kittenish for his years. It is related that | could only be used to house, clothe, carding of their overcoats will reveal a when he was along in his fitties he did warm, feed and educate the people! not care for any young lady who was Thousands of little ones, now gaunt with over 17; but although he still loves the hunger in our streets, going down, down society of the young, he has long since to lives of pauperism, shame and crime,

sheltered spots where they grow in great

luxuriance. Every fine afternoon, wheth-

er he is at his summer or his winter

home, at 4 o'clock he takes a ride on

horseback. He rides a stout cob that

can get over the ground pretty lively.

Much of his energy and vitality he

attributes to his constant horseback ex-

ioned manners, and has a keen observa-

HAWTHORNE AS MAN AND WRITER.

"Writing of "The Salem of Haw-

thorne," in the May Century, Julian

the criticism of ancient and modern

he was at work he was in a region by

himself .- alone with his art .- into

which the voices of the exterior world

could never penetrate. nor its presence

intrude. The work being done, how

ever, and sent forth, the worker would

state, in which he took, as it were, the

part of the world against himself, and

led the attack. So little is known of

the man that it has always been the

custom to paint his portrait from the

same palette which he himself used for

his pictures. But it is important to re-

member that the man and the writer

were, in Hawthorne's case, as different

until after his death that I read any of

his romances; he had always told me

comprehend how a man such as I knew

my father to be could have written such

books. He did not talk in that way;

his moods had not seemed to be of

enlarged though not a more powerful

impression of him. He was a very

strong man, in every application of the

word. I have seen him in company

with many of the great men of his time,

that he was to other men what Augus-

tus Cæsar is said to have been to Marc

Antony. It is true that I was but a

child; but I apprehend that the percep-

tions of a child in such matters, being

got over the giddy tastes to which old would be made rosy with health and young gentlemen are subject. He goes educated to lives of usefulness and hapsomewhat into society and always man- piness; thousands of homes, now the ages to attend one or two Presidential abode of want and misery, unillumed levees during the winter. He is a great by love, would be made comfortable and lover of flowers and horseback riding.

His rose gardens at Newport and in and filled with bright flowers and happy Washington are both marvels of taste hearts. and beauty, and the old gentleman trots Oh, if our people could only be perevery visitor who comes to see him out suaded to look upon this thing as it is,

into his big, old-fashioned garden to ad- it does seem as though they would be mire his pets. At Newport his cottage swift to put it eternally away, and when is on the cliffs. The bleak exposure is they do the millennium will be nearly not good for roses, but he has found at hand!

ercise. He has very country, old-fashfrom Lisbon to South America, and was yard. tion of the niceties of deportment that would put many men in their prime to With two others he reached the land. youth to his tailor, "Yes, I know," There they found nothing but shellfish was the reply; "but until you pay your on which to exist. When these were old bill they will still remain breeches of exhausted the sailors agreed to swim promise." back to the vessel and endeavor to obing become exhausted and gone down rim. But it can't make one-tenth the his own powers, yet when once he was in the sea. Joe managed to climb on clatter of a hotel gong at half-past six board that portion of the ship that was in the morning. out of the water, where he sank down path along which she led him. When driven from their usual haunts by the when she becomes the President's waves. In his desperation he seized daughter-in-law. return to a colder and more skeptical water and out of reach. A passing ves- make 'em. sel finally relieved him from his im- "I can't understand what the papers as a mountain from a cloud. It was not duties are to clean the cars at the yard pass." and in the houses of this city. It is asserted that he still indulges his strange appetite whenever opportunity that they were not suited to my age and requirements; and I remember, as I read on, being constantly unable to that color. The books gave me an is further related that the eldest son inherits in a measure the curious appe- man at the wheel." "Take a reef in tite of his queer old father .- [St. Louis Erie seconds, lower the foretop gallant, was the loftier and dominant spirit-Globe-Democrat.

The witches had a special interest or pallid face: "Sir, there's ten foot of pallid face: "Sir, there's ten foot of water in the hold." facination for my father, as might be mainly intuitive, are at least as apt to be just as those of mature persons. At all events, subsequent meditation and experience have served rather to angtales having witches for their subjectpersona! power and weight. As regards matter, that were said by the one or two persons who saw them to be more fantastic horror, than anything in the it might be said that they resulted from manuscript state, and were finally burned by their author, because, as my more vanity than profit in such disting-That is, I suppose, they embodied no moral truth; they were mere imagina-The Vanderbilt fam'ty gave \$7,000 to the Abbey benefit. Well, that's good. Everybody is always glad to see anybalance and proportion of what Hawbody get a dollar of the Vanderbilt money. We don't want any of it our-I cannot help regretting that the manuself, not one solitary, sordid cent of it. But we would rejoice to see our brother get about half a million of it. How joyously we would make the boy whack

Charles Montague de Poorville—Will father said to his wife: "There is an you tell your sister I am here? Mand —Well I'd like to oblige you, only she's in the Larlor with Mr. Bachelor Crossus, The bang has fallen into disfavor among the fashionable ladies. They

ALBUQUERQUE, N.

INTOXICATING DRINKS.

The Chistian Union has been collecthis time between Newport and Washing- ing reliable statistics of the enormous weather. sales of intoxicating drink in the United

AN ANCIENT MARINER.

about one of Bridgeport's characters, a

and swallow them without a wink. It frightened seamen.

HAWTHORNE'S SUPPRESSED STORIES.

inferred from the character and tone of the allusions, to them in his published "Break the hole abaft the poop. She'll writings. But it is perhaps not gener- stand more water than that, and I know ally known that he wrote a number of it"-[Philadelphia Chronicle-Telegraph. powerful, as conceptions of weired and printed volumes, of short stories. But these tales never emerged from the burned by their author, because, as my mother told me he had explained to Johnson," replied the son, a young her, he felt that they were not true. tive narratives, founded on history and tradition, and had not the spiritual thorne would deem a work of art. But scripts were not accidentally preserved. His touch acquires a deeper vividness wherever witches come in his way .-Julian Hawthorne, in the May Cenhis garment?"

Hail fellow, ill met-This spring

"My business is add verse to-day,"

"Girls should have more gum-shun," said the principal, as he reproved a

The "bravest man in the republic" has just been heard from, "Phocion"

Howard is wearing a plug hat in Texas. "You're the greatest woman I ever

A Massachusetts paper says that all Texas citizens wear their hats over their

ears. How do you suppose they'd look if they wore them under their ears. "What is a dish?" asked the teacher. 'Please, ma'am, it's when the firemen

go out on a false alarm," said the little boy with a green patch over his eye. Ladies who never owned one now go into crowded drug-stores and say "Please

phor to pack away my sealskin sacque. In a few short weeks the papers will be printing spring poetry, and lots of men will be growling because the disragged suit.

Another blow has been struck at the great institution of agriculture. The Duke of Edinburgh has given up fiddling and gone to farming. "Hang up de fiddle and de bow." A traveler informs us that a divorce is

proudly points to its cwn record of one divorce every sixteen seconds. Glass shingles are soon to supersede the old wooden kind, and parents can then see just when to leave off spanking without having to stop three or four

an every-day occurrence at Senegambia.

Chicago laughs at that statement, and

times during the operation. We think if Shakespeare had lived in Vermont he would never have written "What a fall was there, my country-men!" He would have put it, "What a Some wonderful stories are being told winter was there, my countrymen !"

fellow named Joe Lander, whose life himself to eighteen young girls, but he has been spent in roving all over the didn't marry any of them. The merglobe. Years ago Joe shipped before cenary wretch was either interested in the mast on a Norwegian bark bound the sofa business or else owned a coalshipwrecked on a barren island which "You promised to have my new trousforms one of the groups of the Azores. ers done a week ago," said the exquisite

A Troy, N. Y., young man engaged

The largest bell in the world is at tain provisions. Joe was the only one Kioto, Japan. It is twenty-four feet w'so reached the wreck, the others havingh and sixteen inches thick at the

completely worn out. He lay in a "Allan Arthur, the President's son, is stupor for some time, and upon returning to consciousness he was covered his shoulder." This is not a serious obwith rats and mice which had been jection. She will not be so "short"

one of the mice and swallowed it with- "Was Early Man a Savage?" asks a out the process or mastication. It pro- magazine writer. That depends. If duced a peculiar sensation, but brought the early man was dressing to catch the renewed life, and, as the story goes, he | 4 A. M. train, and his collar button fell lived on mice a long time, as all the behind the bureau, the probabilities are provisions of the vessel were under that he was about as savage as they

prisonment and landed him in Liver- mean," said Mrs. Malaprop, "when pool. Afterward he drifted to this counthey speak about them Poles being oys try and engaged in various means of terized. I never see no poles that wa making a livelihood. Now he is in the that shape, and 'pears to me the papers employ of the Housatonic Railroad. His must have made what they call a fork-

Hurd's grain elevation is in- noble vessel plowed her way through fested with mice and affords many the writhing billows like a great monster meals to old Joe, it is said. The little of sentient life. Heavy waves dashed animals are caught by the employes and over her bow, and, surging aft, carried taken to Joe, who devours one to satis- the hole of the larboard hawserpipe abait fy his curious appetite, and stores the the main hatch of the starboard gasket. remainder away between his flannel But Admiral Gould stood undismayed shirt and his body until hungry again, upon the bridge in cool and collected when he will draw forth two or three accents directing the labors of the "Ease her a little!" he cried to the

> and run a spanker bcom on Wabash. So. Now she takes it." At this moment the captain of the larboard watch advanced and said with

"It ain't enough," cried the admiral,

CUT HIS GARMENT.

"Of all the Biblical characters," said Mr. Shinrack, putting aside the Scriptures and addressing his interesting family, "I most admire David. Aside from being a great ruler he was a poet and a singer of great sweetness.'

man whose career on the college ground has been spoken of in the high-

"Why like Andrew Johnson?" asl ed the father.

"Because he was a tailor "

"What, David a tailor?" "Yes, for the Bible says so." "The Bible says nothing of the kind."
"Oh, yes; for don't you know that
when Saul went into the cave David cut

After a few moments' silence the

Children's hats have very tall, conical crowns, as the low square shape,